By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others.
King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay.
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richmond with the Lords.
Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest:
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much, Which

Which well I am assur'd
His regiment lies halfe a
South from the mightie
Rich. If without peril
Good captain Blunt bear
And giue him from me, t
Blunt. Vpon my life m
Rich. Farewell good
Giue me some Inke and
Ile draw the forme and m
Limit each leader to his s
And part in iust proporti
Come, let vs consult vpo
In to our tent, the aire is
Enter K. Richard
King. What is a clocke
Cat. It is sixe of the cl
King. I will not sup to
What, is my beuer easier
And all my armor laid in
Cat. It is my liege, and
King. Good Norffolke
Vse carefull watch, chuse
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the La
Nor. I warrant you m
King. Catesbie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purs
To Stanleys regiment, bi
Before Sun rising, least h
Into the blinde caue of e
Fill me a bowle of wine,
Saddle white Surrey for t
Looke that my staues be
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saw'st thou the
Rat. Thomas the Earl
Much about Cockshut ti

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34